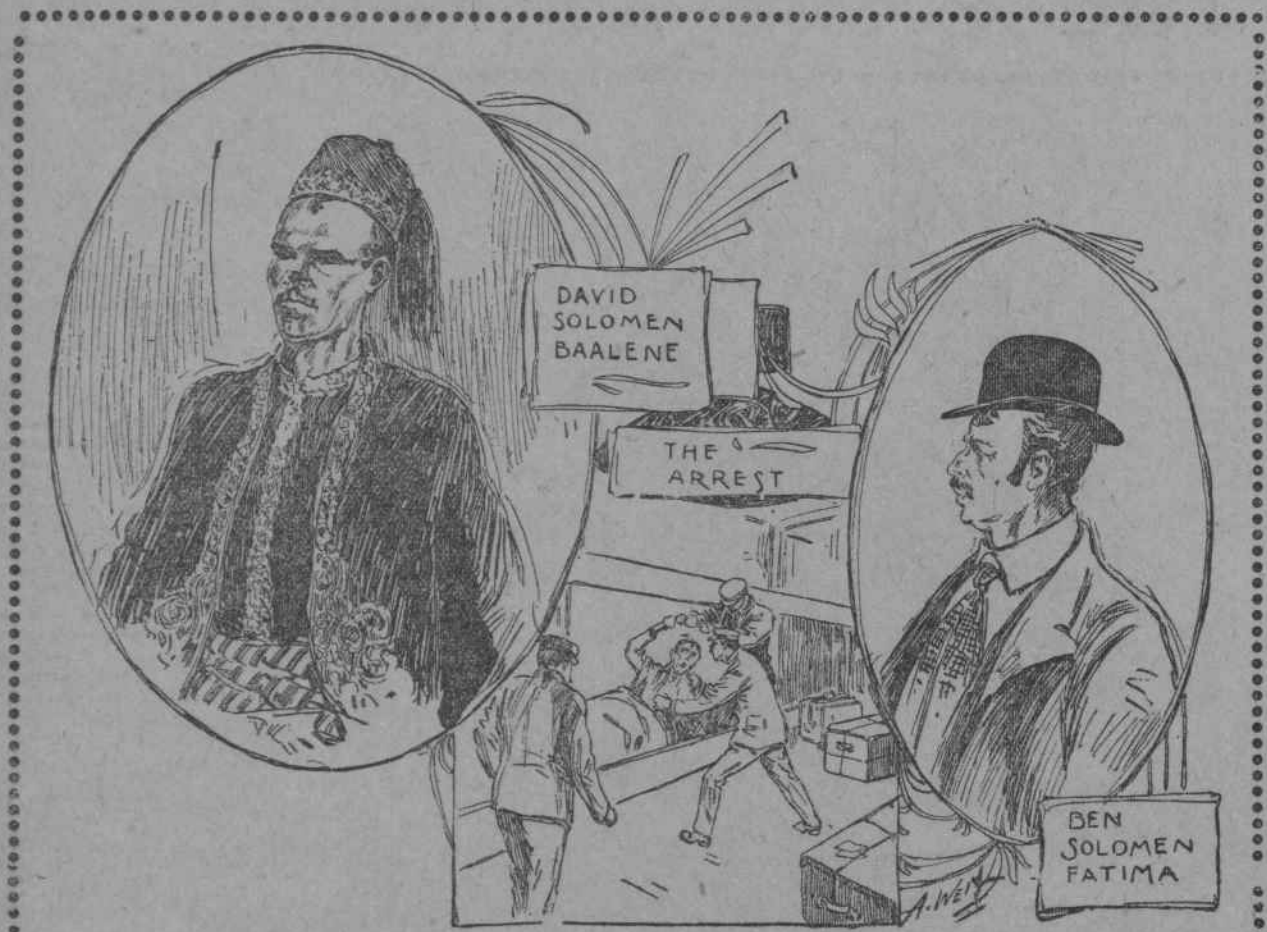


RECREANT SYRIAN STOLE FATMA'S KEYS TO REDEEM HIS FLIGHT BACK TO HIS HOME.



Syrian Thief Caught on La Bretagne.

David Solomon Baklene stole the money measured by Fatima, the Oriental dancer, on Coner Island. He was tracked by five hours before they found the Syrian, concealed in a bunk in the steerage.

But the Law's Minions Caught Baklene on La Bretagne.

EPIC OF CONEY ISLAND.

Jabour, Husband of Fatima, Befriended Baklene, Who Repaid Friendship with Robbery.

It is a time-honored rule on Coney Island that no outsider shall steal money there and get away with it. That this rule is in working order was illustrated yesterday when after a search of five hours David Solomon Baklene, a Syrian, was captured aboard the French liner La Bretagne just as the vessel was being towed from the dock to begin her outward voyage.

George Jabour, of Coney Island, proprietor of the Turkish Theatre, is undoubtedly the insider; so in his wife, Fatima, the dancer, who furnishes much capital for

the Coney Island reforms. The beautiful Fatima is a thirty person, with a distrust for banks, and what money she does not wear on strings dangling around her neck she hides away in a strong box in the fastness of the theatre building.

David Solomon Baklene was a member of the Syrian colony in Washington street last winter. He joined the Syrian Club and formed the acquaintance of Jabour. Selling rugs had been Baklene's occupation, but Jabour liked him and gave him a position with the Coney Island show. Baklene was one of the three warriors who stand out in front while the Barker is arranging the terrible tableau of features to be seen on the inside. In consideration of his friendship for Jabour he was allowed to sleep in the building.

It came to pass that Baklene was an explorer, and on July 10 he discovered Fatima's strong box. It was full of money. Baklene had been in this country long enough to know money when he saw it, and he did not hesitate to break open the box and extract therefrom Fatima's horde, amounting to \$126.

After getting the money inside his bloomers Baklene did not allow the sand of Coney Island to accumulate on his feet.

He slipped for New York on the first trolley car and hid, to await the blowing over of the excitement. When Fatima discovered her loss there was plenty of excitement, as well as indignation. To think that an outsider—and a Syrian fresh from the other side at that—should come into the hallowed precincts sacred to the sinners of the world and get away with anything was horrifying. Every bit of machinery on the island was set in motion, and a Syrian on the inside was detailed to find Baklene if possible.

Baklene was found, but his capture was delayed in the hope that he might be persuaded to return to Coney Island and be captured, where something could be done to him before the police were called. But he was too wise to return to Coney Island, and announced his intention of sailing on La Bretagne. The Coney Island Syrian despised a martial cry of the way with Spain, and a Syrian on the inside was detailed to find Baklene if possible.

He admitted everything he had done, and he was persuaded to come ashore only after he had put up a stiff fight, of which he got much of the credit.

He admitted everything he had done, and he was persuaded to come ashore only after he had put up a stiff fight, of which he got much of the credit.

NIGHT OF PERIL IN A SPANISH CITY.

Chance for a "Great Victory" Which the Retreat-ing Dons Just Missed.

ODDS WERE 400 TO 19.

Little Band of Americans Occupied Adjuntas, Only to Find a Big Force Near.

(Co-wright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.)
Ponce, Porto Rico, Aug. 3.—(Special Correspondence of the Journal).—The first exploit of the Porto Rico campaign was that of General Roy Stone, of General Miles's staff, who has charge of the signal corps operation. It was not meant to be an exploit. It simply turned out so.

Surely if the dangers which threatened the little expedition had been foreseen a troop of cavalry would have been sent with General Stone across the mountains to Adjuntas village instead of fourteen signalmen and four newspaper men.

When this handful of persons reached the village at dark and discovered that four hundred Spaniards had left it a few hours before, and were then within striking distance, they looked at each other solemnly.

The object of the enterprise was to discover whether the road leading north out of Ponce, passing through Adjuntas and to the northern coast of the island of Puerto Rico, thence eastward along the shore to San Juan, was practicable for the use of an army making a flank movement.

A Very Pleasant Excursion.
The fourteen Signal Corps men were mounted. A hundred men from the Second Wisconsin were ordered to follow General Stone as closely as possible. Why they were not sent in advance, or why cavalry was not forwarded are simple questions which might have been serious.

The newspaper men were ordered to take rides which were issued to them. General Stone, with an interpreter, and the reporter, left Ponce in carriages somewhat early in the afternoon. An orderly led big cavalry horse to be used by General Stone in case of emergencies. The detachment of the Signal Corps went ahead on horse.

The Adjuntas road from ten miles out of San Juan is perhaps unsurpassed in the world. It is as good as any drive in Central Park, and indeed looks not unlike the Harlem Speedway. Bicyclists have the privilege of the Adjuntas road. The privileges involve, however, feats in hill climbing which make the road as free of wheels as the Speedway.

Twenty-five feet in width, hugging the sides of the rough and precipitous mountains, solid as marble smooth as glass, with nowhere an ugly turn, crossing arches of stone and brick, supported by walls of masonry, gutted and perfectly drained, the Adjuntas road proves that the Spaniards can build when they will.

The glorious surface ends ten miles out, but the scenery continues with unabated beauty all the way.

As the goat-like little Porto Rican horses galloped with the carriages through the country General Stone and his party were astonished at the hundred impracticable positions which had been deserted by the chicken-hearted enemy. There was not

half a mile of the way which could not have been made a death trap by a baker's dozen of Spaniards.

Never to Be Forgotten.
Proceeding unopposed a dozen miles, up and up, until the clouds were below, the party began to pass tediously over a rough clay road which tried the patience of man and beast. Fifteen miles out the summit of the Llanillo range was reached.

No one who looked back at the horses stood panting and steaming on the apex of these heights will ever forget what he saw. His feet were the given and craggy mountains rolling away below and at either hand. At the end of the valley, its gleaming surface merging into the sky, lay the ocean. Where sea ended and sky began could not be discerned. In this glittering argument there rode like tiny phantoms the American fleet of war ships and transports of the Porto Rico fleet.

Then began the descent into the village of Adjuntas, five or six miles away. The hardy ponies ran down the steep roads at alarming speed. They jumped gulches, they skipped boulders, they careened around the curves, they clattered over the stone-strewn way. Those in the carriages scarcely took breath and sat ready to jump, at which the native drivers laughed and lashed the ponies the more.

The huts and cottages presently grew thicker. Men, women and children stood in little doorways. The women threw flowers. The men lifted their hats and shouted:

"Viva Los Americanos!"
At last a red, white and blue flag, which might have represented any nation, were floating on bamboo poles. Where these did not float white flags were hoisted. The men lifted their hats and shouted:

The population escorted the general to the City Hall. The authorities received him with great respect. General Stone made a speech, which was interpreted by his secretary. The natives cheered themselves hoarse. An American flag, hastily but correctly improvised, was raised on the flagstaff of the municipal building amid burst heads.

It was now night and General Stone went to supper. The night corps took charge of the local telegraph office and made it headquarters.

A Night of Suspense.

The American party had learned now the peril of its position. Four hundred Spaniards had left the town but a few hours before and were encamped fifteen miles up the road toward Arecibo.

All that was necessary for the destruction of the little band was for the Spaniards to discover its numbers. They looked certain that the information would reach them. Pickets were sent out. This left three men in the telegraph office. The newspaper men were impressed and slept with their rifles. No one was allowed to enter or leave the town.

The natives promised to give loyal assistance. It was a night of suspense. Every man was flaring out what he would do if the Spaniards appeared. Having done this to their satisfaction, those whose duties allowed them, snatched a few hours' sleep off a midnight, and awoke at 5 o'clock, when they were informed that no Spaniard had been sighted.

MAY IRWIN'S SONG MADE HISTORIC.

"Hot Time in the Old Town" Indelibly Blended with Stirring Incidents.

Ponce, Porto Rico, Aug. 3. Special Correspondence of the Journal.
A small boat crowded with soldiers is on its way to the shore from one of the American transports in the bay, and over the water in fine melody floats the refrain "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night." Returning an hour ago from a trip to the front the same stirring and defiant threat could be heard coming from

tents along the roadside or from outposts where guards were relieved from duty. Little did May Irwin dream when she made her initial appearance in "Cortado Into Court" at the Bijou Theatre two weeks ago that she would be such a part of the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm would soon prove the battle cry of the nation. It has undoubtedly become the national martial cry of the way with Spain.

First off Santiago, when volunteers were called for on all of the ships for Hobson's despatch. Morning after morning the members of the band on the New York stepped forward, and asked:

"Why, what are you doing out here?"
asked Captain Chadwick. "We don't want musicians for this work. We want mechanics and able seamen."

He admitted everything he had done, and he was persuaded to come ashore only after he had put up a stiff fight, of which he got much of the credit.

He admitted everything he had done, and he was persuaded to come ashore only after he had put up a stiff fight, of which he got much of the credit.

It is hummed and whistled and sung all along the road to San Juan, until even the natives, wrapped in the dense somberness of centuries of isolation, are catching the infectious air and murmuring this melody of Broadway.

SCHLEY GRATEFUL FOR PRAISE.

His Ambition Is to Serve the People and Country He Loves.

Burlington, Ia., Aug. 13.—Commodore Schley is a friend of W. W. Baldwin, of this city, and in response to a letter of congratulation from Mr. Baldwin has sent him a reply, in which he says:

I am much touched by the universal expressions reaching me by every mail. I feel a fair and balanced, but I shall have to keep my 'tits and tail' in the water. I am a fair and balanced, but I shall have to keep my 'tits and tail' in the water. I am a fair and balanced, but I shall have to keep my 'tits and tail' in the water.

LUQUE ORDERED OUT OF HOLGUIN.

Likely to Fall Into the Hands of Garcia if He Leaves.

Key West, Fla., Aug. 13.—Intelligence reached here to-day that the Spanish forces under General Luque, in Holguin, have been ordered by General Salcedo to evacuate the town.

General Garcia, with 8,000 Cubans, was at last accounts strongly intrenched around Holguin, and had demanded General Luque's surrender. This latter information came on the Spanish prize schooner Expresso, which was captured by the gunboat Nashville at Gibara on July 27, and brought here by a prize crew under command of Ensign Walker.

When the Expresso left Gibara on Tuesday last, the Spaniards were still in Holguin, and had not replied to General Garcia's demand for their surrender.

New Jersey Soldier Dead.
Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 13.—Private J. J. Katzenburg, of Company L, Second New Jersey, died at the Second Division Hospital late to-night. He had probably been sent to his home at Rutherford, N. J.

SPANIARD TELLS OF HIS HEROISM.

Never Saw Anything to Equal the American Courage at the Battle of Caney.

BULLETS OF NO ACCOUNT.

"Literally Threw Themselves on Our Trenches on the Muzzles of Our Guns."

WONDERED AT OUR GALLANTRY.

"Fought Like Lions"—"Offering Their Naked Breasts to Our Murderous Fire"—Courted Death.

Correspondence of the Associated Press.

Santiago de Cuba, Aug. 2.—One of the few surviving Spanish officers of the battle of Caney fought on July 1, and is present at the death of that officer, has related his impressions of the engagement to an Associated Press correspondent. The narrative, which is told in the officer's own words, gives the Spanish view of one of the hardest-fought battles of the war. The narrator said:

"Brigadier General Joaquin Vara del Rey, in command of the Brigade of San Luis, composed of three companies of the Twenty-ninth regulars, numbering 467 men, and 47 guerrillas, was ordered by General Linares to proceed from San Luis to Santiago, there to reinforce the garrison in the city."

"We left San Luis on June 23, marched to El Pozo, and thence to Santiago, where we stayed forty-eight hours, when we were ordered out to Caney to strengthen the left flank of the Spanish lines. We arrived there on the 28th, in the evening, after an arduous march."

"The 514 men of General Vara del Rey's command were the only troops at Caney, and were never reinforced. The 467 regulars were armed with Mausers, and the 47 guerrillas with Remington rifles."

First Sight of Our Balloon.

"On the afternoon of the 30th we noticed a balloon ascending in the air, where it remained about a quarter of an hour. After its descent we saw the enemy pick up their tents and move their camp, but as the night was falling we were unable to locate their new position, although we guessed at it pretty correctly."

"We hurriedly dug trenches about three feet deep, in which the men fired kneeling. We worked in the trenches and breast-works all through the night, assigned the men to their posts and placed thirty regulars and 47 guerrillas on the line. A Paraiso, fearing a surprise from the enemy, 'Our fears proved only too well grounded, for at daybreak the next morning, July 1, the first rays of dawn from the enemy's guns fell in the town."

"The Americans simultaneously opened with four rapid-firing guns kept up a terrible fire until 8 o'clock in the afternoon. We had no artillery with which to reply, and soon realized that we had the worst of it. That thick smoke which our ammunition we had was twelve mile loads of eight cases each."

"The enemy's fire was incessant, and we were covered with bullets. I have never seen anything to equal the courage and dash of those brave fellows who, despite the smoke and hail of bullets, offered their naked breasts to our murderous fire. Literally they threw themselves on our trenches, and were killed on the spot."

"Our execution must have been terrible. We were killed by the hundreds, but they never retreated. We fought until we were all dead. I am a man, I feel, shot through the heart, another would take his place. He died a hero, a martyr, a saint. His devotion to duty in every breath of his life was heroic."

"Our gallantry was heroic. We wondered at these men, who fought with such courage and dash. I have never seen anything to equal the courage and dash of those brave fellows who, despite the smoke and hail of bullets, offered their naked breasts to our murderous fire. Literally they threw themselves on our trenches, and were killed on the spot."

"Our stock of ammunition was dwindling fast. We were losing men rapidly, and were ordered to retreat. We fought until we were all dead. I am a man, I feel, shot through the heart, another would take his place. He died a hero, a martyr, a saint. His devotion to duty in every breath of his life was heroic."

"What Slaughter!"

"Hardly had he given the order before he fell, shot through both legs. One of his aids, Lieutenant Joaquin Dominguez, turned to the general as he fell, exclaiming: 'General, what slaughter!'

A bullet took the topknot off his skull, killing him on the spot."

"In the meantime I had secured a bullet-proof shelter, and I was able to place the general in it and carry him to a place of safety. Bullets were whizzing past us and falling like hail all around. It seemed that the enemy was determined to annihilate us. The general was shot through the head and killed."

"After the death of the general, the Spanish forces were in a state of confusion. The enemy was advancing on us, and we were unable to stand. We were ordered to retreat, and we fled in confusion. The enemy was victorious."

"None of the block houses in the surrounding country was engaged that day, but in the early morning a shell from the American lines fell in the San Miguel block house, setting it on fire and killing seven men."

Marvelous Valor.

"We estimated the enemy's forces engaged at Caney on July 1 at three thousand men and their artillery at four rapid-firing guns."

"It was the hardest fighting I have ever seen. The enemy was attacking us with great force, and we were unable to stand. We were ordered to retreat, and we fled in confusion. The enemy was victorious."

"The general was shot through the head and killed. The Spanish forces were in a state of confusion. The enemy was advancing on us, and we were unable to stand. We were ordered to retreat, and we fled in confusion. The enemy was victorious."

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Wounded Heroes Home Once More!

Back Again to the Hearts That Love Them.

Back again to the hearts that have anxiously, tearfully, prayerfully waited and watched for their return, come our wounded, shattered heroes; back from the deadly charge and withering trenches of Santiago; to gleam sweet and tender nursing, and that dearest of all rewards, the precious kisses of mother, wife and children!

Where these dear ones abide there is the home and haven of mankind. However men may wander as glory or



VISITORS' DAY AT ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY.

ambition calls them, whatever prizes they may seek throughout the length and breadth of the great, struggling, fighting, dazzling world—the thoughts and hopes of truest manhood forever turn back to the place where wife and children are. Here is the goal of all endeavor and the centre of existence.

WHAT WIFE AND CHILDREN MEAN TO EVERY MAN.

Men of every class and condition in life look to their wives and children as the unfailing source of inspiration and cheerfulness. A wounded soldier, home from the front, is hardly more dependent upon this tender comfort and good cheer than is the average man who works all day at his desk, or in the shop, or field.

A husband expects his wife to be the brightener of his home; to lighten his discouragements, smooth away his wrinkles, and smile away his frowns, just as much as the wounded soldier returning from the field expects to be greeted with loving caresses. Whether right or wrong to expect so much attention and petting, the average husband does expect it, and without it becomes a disappointed man.

A WIFE'S PROBLEM.

But how is a woman who is burdened with household work and care, and with the constant draught upon her strength that comes with frequent motherhood, to fulfill her whole wife's duty? How can the ordinary woman struggling with the ordinary conditions of this work-a-day world, be the ideal housekeeper, wife and mother all at once?

This is the greatest problem with which the women of America have to deal; and when the question has to be worked out in the face of constant physical weakness and suffering, no wonder so many thousands of women feel that the demands of life are greater than they can meet, and heavier than they can possibly endure. No wonder they live for weeks and months plunged in the depths of wretchedness and despondency.

A woman who suffers inwardly from some feminine weakness or disease is in a certain sense almost alone in her trouble; her husband cannot half appreciate her suffering, no matter how kind-hearted he may be. She hates to be complaining all the time. Often she herself may not realize exactly what the trouble is; and if the local doctor is called in he will not once in a dozen times diagnose the trouble correctly.

DODGING THE QUESTION.

"Oh, your liver needs a little toning up," he will say, or, "Your stomach is out of kilter." Perhaps he will call it "heart trouble" or "nervousness" and give the usual stereotyped treatment that is of no more avail than so much water; while all the time the real trouble, the undermining weakness in the organism distinctly feminine, is draining and torturing the victim's life away unchecked.

After all, the poor unhappy woman is almost glad that the doctor, in his going-going fashion, fails to suggest where the actual trouble lies; for well she knows that the next step would be the detestable examinations and local applications which modest women hold in such repugnance.

THE REAL ANSWER.

It is to countless thousands of women in just this dire extremity of suffering that the knowledge of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy which cures these troubles scientifically, completely and in the privacy of one's home, without resort to these hated and mortifying methods—has come like a message of mercy from a better world.

"I was tired and sick all the time," says Mrs. O. S. Adams, of Fargo, Cass Co., N. Dak. "I had female weakness very badly; so I had to be in bed part of the time. I could not do my housework; I had fainting spells, nervous headache, backache and pain in my left side when I would lie down. I had pains and aches all over. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and had not taken two bottles when I was able to be around again and to do my work, with no pain. I have taken five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, two of his 'Compound Extract of Smart-Weed' and several vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am a happy, healthy woman. I think Dr. Pierce's medicines are the greatest in the world. I write these few lines hoping that some other suffering woman will try them as I did."

"I was taken sick two years ago and

tried almost everything, but could get no help," writes Mrs. T. C. Blashfield, of Brimfield, Hampden Co., Mass. "Your 'Favorite Prescription' did me a great deal of good. I was suffering with falling of the womb and could scarcely walk, now I am so much better that I can walk quite a distance. It was your medicine that helped me. You have my best wishes and thanks, and may God be with you to do all the good for the poor, suffering people that you can. If I hear of anybody sick I will recommend them to write to you, and I will tell what you have done for me."

AN UNPARALLELED HISTORY.

There has never been, in the entire history of medicine, any other remedy which exerted so direct and powerful a beneficial influence upon the special feminine structure as this superb "Prescription." It is designed for a single

GAINED SIXTY POUNDS.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 College St., Jacksonville, Ill. "For three years I suffered continually. Words cannot express what I suffered. I sought relief among the medical profession and found none, until induced by kind friends to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. After taking 'Favorite Prescription' I was built up, until now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before."

"I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pains in the lower part of my bowels, and such distress every month, but now I never have a pain. I do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman. Thanks to your medicine. I consider myself a living testimonial of its benefits."

DO NOT BE DECEIVED.

"Although every reputable dealer in medicines and many general stores, especially in country districts, mining camps, as well as in larger towns and cities, are supplied with this great 'Prescription,' and, if not, can certainly and promptly obtain it for you if you insist upon it, there are some who will not hesitate to show their contempt for your judgment by attempting to foist a substitute upon you for purposes of their own. It's an insult to your intelligence for a dealer to attempt to palm off upon you a substitute for this world-famous medicine. You know what you want. When he urges some substitute he's thinking of the larger profit he'll make—not of your welfare. 'Favorite Prescription' affords dealers fair profits, and self-respecting purchasers should turn their backs on any dealer who offers them such treatment."

WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE.

No charge whatever is made for this advice, and any woman who encloses 21 one-cent stamps to pay the mere cost of mailing Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page, illustrated book, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, will receive a free copy of that magnificent work in paper covers; or for 31 stamps a heavier, handsomer, cloth-bound copy will be sent. Address the Doctor as above. One chapter of nearly a hundred pages of this grand volume is devoted to the consideration of diseases of women and relates the history of many severe and dangerous cases which were completely cured by Dr. Pierce's simple and scientific methods, to effect a complete and permanent cure.

TRUE GRATITUDE.

"I would like to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received from your wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. H. C. Anderson, of South Britain, New Haven Co., Conn. "During the first month of the period preceding my baby's coming I could not keep anything on my stomach. I was so sick that I had to go to bed every day. I tried different doctors, but with little benefit. I read about many being helped by using your medicine, so I thought I would give it a trial. I began to take 'Favorite Prescription' in November, and I had a nice baby in February following. My baby weighed over eight pounds. I was only in labor about one hour and got along nicely during confinement; was up and dressed on the eighth day. The 'Favorite Prescription' helped me wonderfully. It kept me from having a miscarriage. This makes my second child; with the first one I did not take 'Favorite Prescription' and I had a miscarriage. But this baby is as plump and healthy as any mother could wish."

A PURELY TEMPERANCE MEDICINE.

No alcohol nor opium, nor any of their products, is found in this matchless "Prescription." Many of the so-called "tonics," "sarsaparillas" and "compounds" now on the market contain some dangerous narcotic, or so large a percentage of alcohol that their persistent use is almost certain to induce a morbid craving for stimulants. The "Favorite Prescription" will make no bad habits. It is a temperance medicine, pure and simple.

It cleanses, heals and strengthens the special feminine organism; cures all unhealthy and disagreeable drains and structural weakness and displacements of internal organs; heals ulcerations; often cures a growing tumor; imparts genuine, permanent tone and vital force to the nerve centres and the entire nervous system. It is the perfect medicine for every critical period of womanhood; for young wives, and particularly for expectant mothers. It gives that mental and physical vitality and recuperative power which renders the ordeal of motherhood absolutely safe and comparatively free from pain, and promotes the thorough constitutional health of mother and child.

WHAT AN IOYA MOTHER SAYS.

"Two years ago I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. Alfred Clark, of Hiteman, Monroe Co., Iowa, "and the result was a fine baby

girl of eleven or twelve pounds. I am about to become a mother again, and I have been troubled with morning sickness and vomiting; I could not eat any breakfast, but two days ago I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' twice a day, a teaspoonful at a time, and I am pleased to say that I have not had a vomiting spell for two mornings, and I had not been free from these for four months."

"I can eat a hearty breakfast with the rest of the family, and even have to go to the cupboard between meals, a thing I never did before in my life. My husband is surprised at the change in me. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Pierce's medicines. It would be a blessing if more poor, broken-down women knew of the 'Favorite Prescription.' It would save them hours of misery. I would write more about my suffering, but I don't need to now, for all my aches and pains have gone."

WE WILL CONTINUE FOR ONE MORE WEEK OUR UNPRECEDENTED SALE OF PIANOS.

We have made another selection from our renting stock, of which we always have a surplus in August, and we offer the lot, consisting of 29 FINE UPRIGHTS AT \$167 each; \$6 monthly. Much finer instruments than those of last week, having had less use.

Now please understand that these are not "cheap" or low grade Pianos, but the list includes many of the most prominent makers.

They are distributed among our various warehouses.

Several Uprights at \$140 each, \$5 monthly. Some at \$75. \$4 monthly. An abundance of full size Square Pianos ranging from \$25 to \$55.

New Pianos rented \$3.50 per month.

A few Wessner Uprights and Grand slightly used by artists at reductions from regular prices.

WISSNER

25 E. 14th St., N. Y.

539 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

296 Fulton St., Jersey City.

80 and 82 Montgomery St., New York.

Special repair department at our new factory, 1078 to 1088 Atlantic Avenue, New York.

When buying leather covered furniture ask for PEGAMOID TRADE MARK.

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